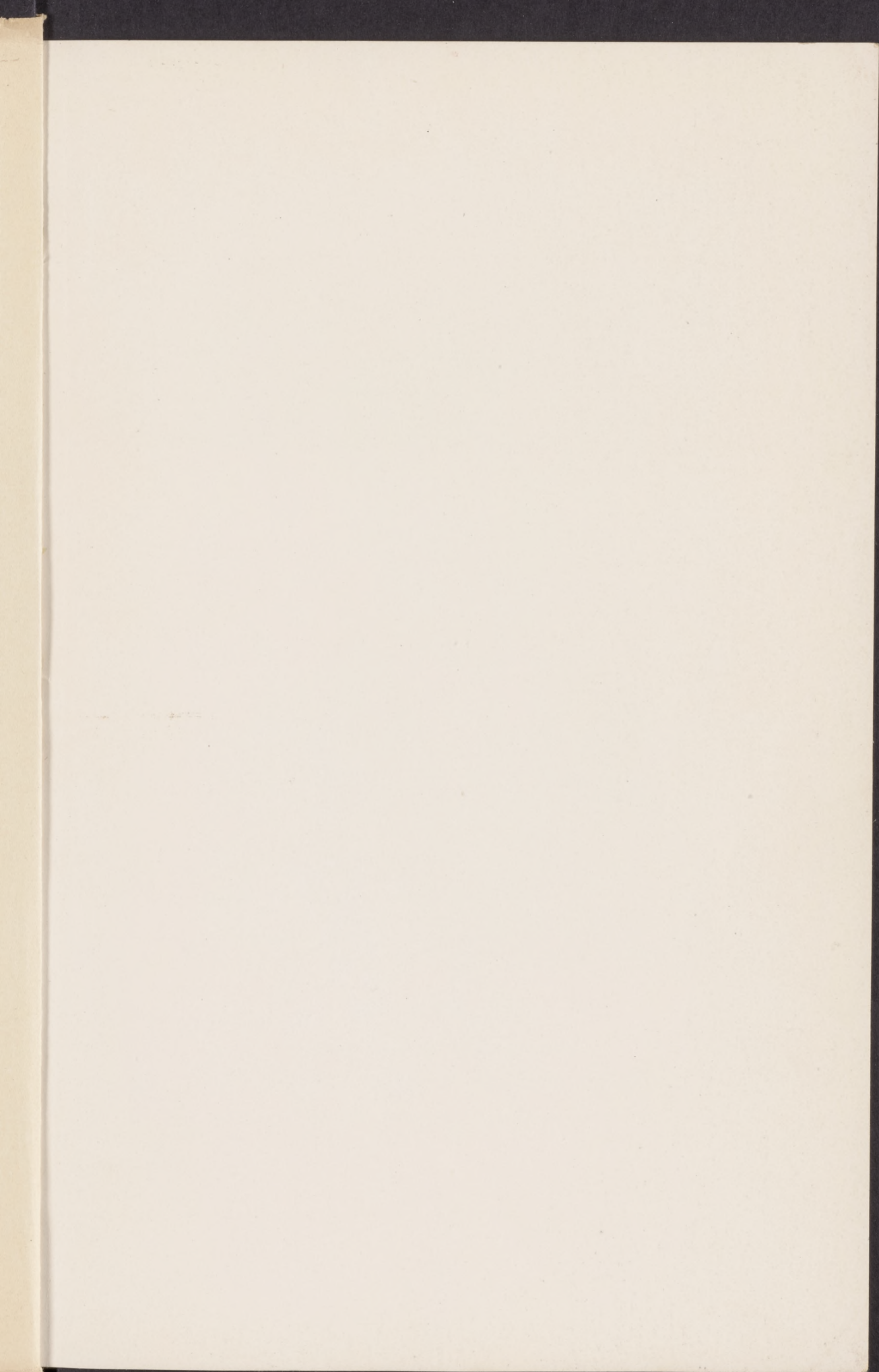


January 1913

The ECHO



Santa Rosa High School
JANUARY, 1913

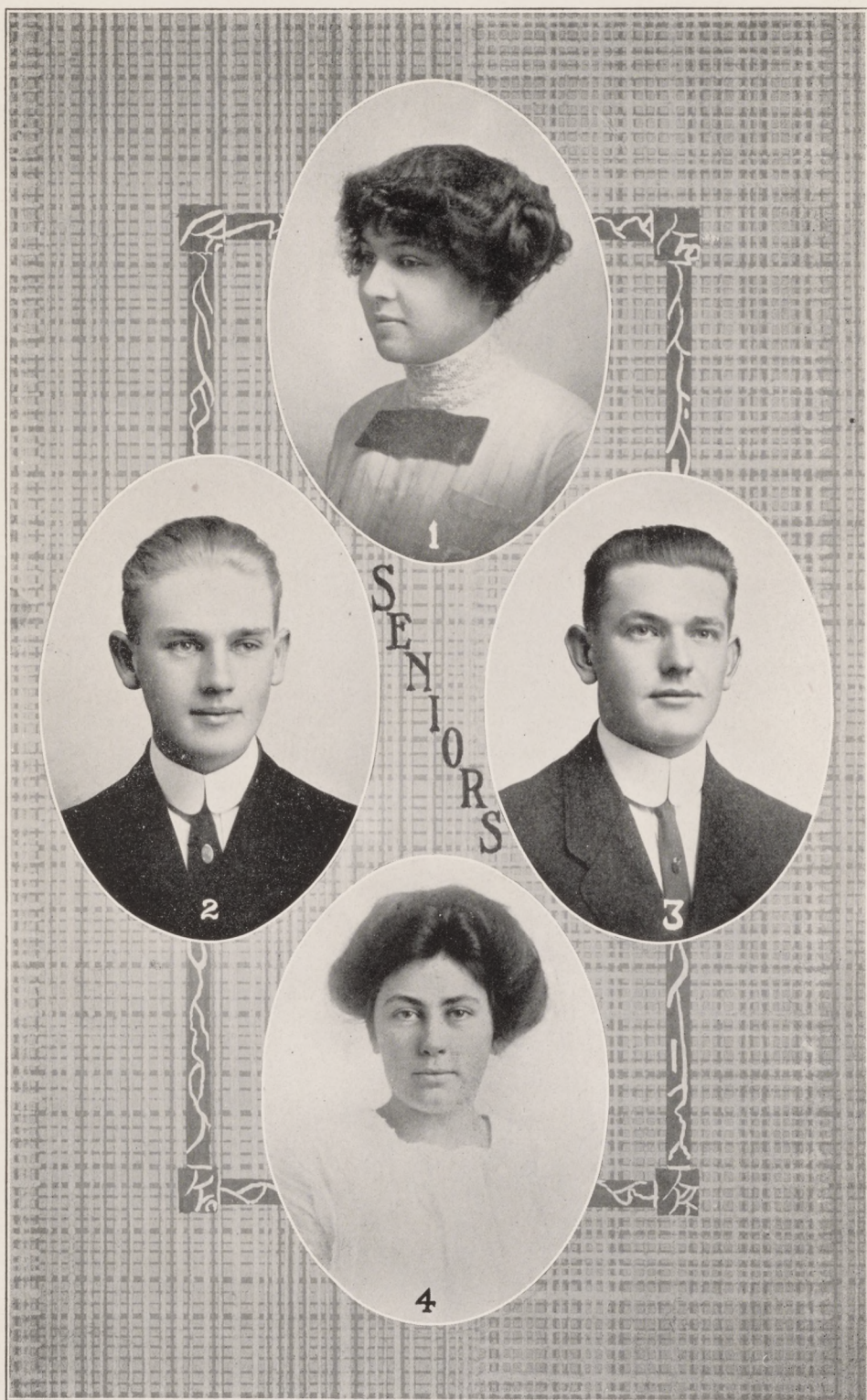




To our Principal
Mr. DeWitt Montgomery
this number is dedicated with loving gratitude
by the January Class 1913



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2. Fred Pedersen

1. Gladys Berry

3. Arthur England

4. Eliza Andrews



2. Eloise Yarnell

1. Esther Gilkey
4. George Meagher

3. Myrtle Peterson



2. Blanche Bonnard

1. Amelia Thole

4. Chester Gore

3. Annie Matthews

Class of January, '13

Andrews, Eliza
Bonnard, Blanche
Berry, Gladys
England, Arthur
Gilkey, Esther
Gore, Chester
Meagher, George
Matthews, Annie
Peterson, Myrtle
Pedersen, Fred
Thole, Amelia
Yarnell, Eloise

THE CLASS JUST AS IT IS

Name	Age	Appearance	Favorite Expression	General Occupation	Only Virtue	Chief Fault	Ambition	Nickname	Destiny	Favorite Retreat
Eliza Andrews	Fifty	Sour	Pretty good	Getting sore	That laugh	Primping	Join the Elite	Lizzie	School ma'am	Dago Crawl
Blanche Bonnard	Old enough for anyone	A Dream	Oh, Heavens	Dreaming	Singing	Hair	Opera singer	Frenchy	Chorus girl	Elite Hairdressing Parlors
Gladys Berry	Sweet 16 and never been kissed	Sly	Good Lord! Child	Flirting	Rings	Boys	Ragging instructor	Berry	Hard to tell	Windsor
Arthur England	6 months	Wise	Come to order	Presiding at Gov. Board	Baby Face	Grace S.	Mayor of Fulton	Johnny Bull	To take a Post	1220 College Ave.
Esther Gilkey	30 days	Awkward	Seems to me	Giving her opinion	Face	Her laugh	Look cute	Gookie	Suffragette Leader	Church Choir
Chester Gore	Old enough	Classy	Good Night!	Bluffing Miss Abeel	Painting	Red Sweater	2nd De Vinne	Chest	Stage Manager	1212 College Ave
George Meagher	Just right for E. Y.	Important	I was just going to	Seeing E. Y.'s Brother?	Texas Tommy Walk	Air Castles	Be a man	Never had one	Shoe cobbler	J. & M. Grill
Annie Mathews	As young as she looks	Meek	Abraham Lincoln!	Studying	Golden Curls?	So noisy	Own a ranch	Matches	Edit War Cry	Riding with Sister Mary
Myrtle Peterson	Don't know	Lean	Say!	Grimming	Eyes	Her walk	Succeed Miss Wirt	Myrt	Teach Kindergarten	Home
Fred Pedersen	Can vote	Bow-legged	Well! I'll be—	Queening	Has a machine	Gladys H.	Get married	Pete	To be henpacked	Hodgson's
Amelia Thole	Unknown	Small?	Alright	Rough-housing	Size	Bashfulness	School Teacher	Blondy	Old Maid	Library
Eloise Yarnell	Refers to Ancient History	Coquettish	Get me?	Watching G. M.	Feet	Her mind	Lengthen out	Bill	Dress Model	Nich's with Guy Grosse

Prophecy of the Christmas Class



TRAVELING through the Santa Clara valley, I was tempted to visit the world-famous Lick Observatory, on Mount Hamilton, where is stationed a telescope of great powers.

On reaching the observatory, I was much elated to find that I could look through the wonderful glass. The first thing I saw, was what I supposed to be a planet, which seemed to be made up of high hills and deep valleys. As I looked more closely, I saw a little speck, which seemed to be moving. It finally proved to be a little, old, wrinkled man, about two feet high, with long, grey whiskers extending almost to his knees. When he saw that I was watching him, he turned and asked me what I would like to see. I was very much taken back at being addressed from such a distance, but on recovering my equilibrium, decided that the fate of my classmates would afford me the most enjoyment.

In an instant there was a great crash, and everything looked blurred. I had almost decided the little man had deserted me, when I heard a little, squeaky voice calling to me from out of the mist, "Look! Look!" I did, and before me lay the Latin quarter of Paris. I did not think that any of my friends could be here, and was just turning away, when a familiar figure caught my eye. On looking more closely, I knew it to be no other than Chester Gore, sketching the Katzenjammer Kids, and the famous Captain, for a large and appreciative portion of the smart set of Paris.

Glancing down on one of the principal streets of Paris, whom should I see but Eloise Yarnell, coming from one of the most popular theaters, surrounded by a multitude of ardent admirers. It was easily seen that she was one of the most sought after of Parisian stage beauties.

A moment later I was looking down on the beautiful city of Vienna. On a huge poster, what should I see but the following: "Melle Annie Matthews, in the Screaming Comedy, 'Who Stole Annie's Hat.'"

A few doors farther on I saw a crowd of people, all seeming to be going into the same place. Naturally curious, I watched them, and saw that their destination was the hair dressing parlors of Blanche Bonnard, who had become famous for her wonderful hair dressing, which was appreciated by the dusky inhabitants of Africa.

Next I saw coming from a humble church in the far-away city of Cairo, Arthur England, leading away his fifth bride, the stately Amelia Thole.

While sightseeing in Egypt, I decided to see the Sphinx and the Pyramids. As I gazed on these noble monuments, I saw someone in a long, white robe, explaining with an elaborate speech, and in an oratorical manner, the supposed origin of these great masterpieces. It was no other than George Meagher, our famous history shark.

Again the focus shifted and I was looking down on the scene of a terrible war. In the hospital quarters, whom should I see but my old classmate, Myrtle Peterson, ministering with great ability, to the sick and

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wounded.

The streets of London looked very dim to me through the telescope, but still bright enough for me to see the fair Eliza Andrews, a militant suffragette, standing upon a London mail-box, urging her ardent followers to fight for woman's rights.

In a small town in farthest Africa, I saw the shining countenance of Fred Pederson. He was conducting a most successful revival meeting for New Thought, among the natives, who seemed to think he, with his fair hair and blue eyes, was nothing short of a god, consequently, flocking to hear him, by the thousands.

In an instant I was looking down on our own country, and the prosperous city of Windsor. There, in a general merchandise store, was Gladys Berry, flirting with the townspeople, and receiving from them her amount of "tips."

Next, I was looking at Sebastopol, and was not at all surprised to see that a most fashionable dancing school was conducted by Miss Esther Gilkey.

I was again looking at the planet. The hills and valleys were there, but the little man was gone. Turning from the telescope I thanked the keeper, and went my way down the mountain, hardly knowing whether or not to believe my own eyes.



Last Will and Testament



E, the dignified and illustrious class of Christmas, 1912, before leaving this dear old building, do desire to make this, our last will and testament. We bequeath to various members of the student body our most treasured possessions, as follows:

First. We lovingly bequeath to our respected teachers, our small change, that they may purchase red ink and blue pencils, of which they seem to be so fond.

Second. To the Freshmen, we leave our quiet, dignified manner, and our surplus E's. We especially request that they keep a watchful care over the faculty, as we fear perhaps they will miss us too greatly.

Third. As a class, we dedicate to the new annex, a picture of ourselves, and we hope that those who gaze on our beautiful countenances, will bemoan our sudden (?) departure.

We dispose of our personal property in the following manner:

I, Fred Pedersen, do will my position as class president, to Fred Holm, and hope that he will prove as faithful and as ambitious for his class as I have been for mine. To my friend, Floyd Wilkinson, I leave my classy blonde pompadour, for I know it will blend with his. My peculiar habit of queening, I also give to him. My cute walk I leave to Mae Hodgson, together with my low-cuts, for I know she will appreciate them. My good opinion of myself, I hand down to the future Senior class, hoping that it will be treasured by them.

I, Gladys Berry, on this very solemn occasion, do desire to make my last will and testament. My beautiful brown hair, I leave to Agnes Vought, as I fear, perhaps she may need it sometime in the future. To Mary Thompson. I leave all of my stock collars and jabots. My old white shoes, I lovingly leave to Ruth Overton along with my cunning ways. My dear little brother, I leave to be taken care of by Tillie de Bernardi. Please tell her not to let him sleep too long in the study hall. My beloved teachers, I must leave to be comforted by Gladys Bagley.

I, Annie Matthews, do bequeath to Anita Nathanson, my yellow hair along with my rat. My ability as an English "shark," I leave to Ned Larimer. My green dress, I will to Dorothy Percy, and if it is too short, will Dorothy's mama please lengthen with a plaited calico ruffle. I leave my fiery steed and my checked hat to Mae Andrews. My crooked smile, I leave to Mr. Steele, and my boisterous ways, to Irene Campbell. My keen methods of recitation, I bequeath to Ethel Helman, so that she may reach as high a standard as I have.

I, Esther Gilkey, do desire also to make this my last will. My position as Miss Crane's "pet," I leave to my beloved friend, Fred Adams, together with a copy of the January Echo, so that he may have my picture. My wonderful diamond ring, I leave to Isabella Tod, and hope that she will treasure it as I have. My lovely smile, I leave to Earl LaDue, with my best wishes.

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To my friend, Gladys Combs, I leave my watch-fob and old blue skirt, requesting that she wear them every day. To Douglas Cameron, I leave my little, beady eyes and ask that he use them on his teachers as I have done.

I, Eloise Yarnell, do hereby bequeath my black and white checked dress, to the faculty, and ask them to please place it in the new annex, as a relic. To Gladys Dougherty, I leave my Psyche, for I know that her appearance will be greatly improved. My powder-puff, I lovingly leave to Dale Hollingsworth, hoping that he will not be caught using it as often as I have. I bequeath to Viney McDonald, my extra weight, knowing that she needs it badly. My ability to write penmanship copies for Mr. Allen to hang on the wall, I leave to the class as a whole.

I, Blanche Bannard, do hereby will to Helen Fraser, all of my latest modes of hair-dressing, knowing that they will aid her in her conquest for the opposite sex. My share of the mirror in the girls' basement, I leave to Gertrude Lee. My ear-rings, I bequeath to Elvera Polliner, asking her to wear them regularly. My ability as a German "shark," to Cliff Merritt. My musical voice, I leave in care of Elaine Norton, asking that she assist Mrs. Mills in the Friday morning programs. My classy blue dress with the red Robespierre collar, I desire to will to Nora Fees, because she will look very charming in it.

I, Eliza Andrews, leave my ability to bluff, to Emily Rued, on condition that she does not take my place in the hearts of the teachers. My gentle manners, I graciously bestow upon Elizabeth Talbot, together with my slow walk and graceful carriage. To Helen Fraser, I leave my many gentlemen friends, but advise her to treat them kindly. My black eyes, I will to Ruth Hill.

I, Amelia Thole, desire to make my last will. To Edward Koford, I leave my cherished gold tooth, for it will add greatly to his beauty. My brown suit, I leave to the highest bidder, and my good stand-in with the faculty, I leave to Clyde Stewart. I hope he will appreciate it and use the gift as I have done. My Roman nose, I will leave to Lola Boyes, for her own profile will be benefited by the change. My extra car-tickets, I lovingly leave to Ruth Wright, so that she will not always be late to school. To Hazel Devoto, I leave my curly locks and combs, with the desire that she look neater. My lovely voice, I leave to Flora Blanc, hoping that she will sing again my favorite song, "Tit Willow."

I, Arthur England, in this, my last will and testament, leave my position as president of the Student Body, to Raegan Talbot, because his voice will carry to all parts of the study hall when he presides at the general assemblies. My cute, little scar on my cheek, I leave to Shirley Baxter, so she can wear it in place of beauty patches. My soft, turn-down collars, I leave to Mildred Wilkinson, and trust that she will appreciate them. To John Mitchell, I leave my shiny, red ears, so that he may be able to hear Mr. Steele's voice better in History 10.

On this very sad accasion, I, Myrtle Peterson, make this, my last will

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and testament. My extra supply of jewelry, I leave to Zelma Carithers, together with my frivolous ways. To Dale Wetzler, I leave my hair-pins and combs, so that his hair will not always be in his eyes. I leave my dainty little feet to Clarendon Anderson, requesting that he walk as quietly around the study hall as I have done. My slender figure and my many neckties, I leave to Adelaide Rutledge. My little sister, Louisa, I leave to the tender administrations of the faculty.

Before leaving this dear old school, I, George Meagher, desire to make my last will and testament, and hope that my gifts will be truly appreciated. My extra supply of nut-brown freckles, I lovingly leave to Ruth Hill, for I know they will go well with her complexion. My keen dimples, I leave to Louis Fletcher, to be added to the collection he already has. To Miss Crane, I leave my black Chemistry apron, asking her to hang it in the laboratory as a memento of my former days in High School. My rubber heels, I leave to Theodore Overton, to enable him to walk less noisily when in the building.

I, Chester Gore, do hereby solemnly bequeath to Amandus Kistler, my supply of neckties. My nice voice, I leave in care of Mr. Allen, so that he may aid Mrs. Mills in leading the singing on Mondays. My perpetual grin, I leave to Lester Nathanson. My charm for the opposite sex, I leave to Wm. Morrow, hoping that he will be as successful as I have been. My ability to "cut" school, I leave to Crystal Lambert. My career as an artist, I leave to Arthur Meese, along with my pivot tooth.

We appoint DeWitt Montgomery as chief administrator of this, our last will and testament. Signed, THE CHRISTMAS CLASS OF 1912.

Something Real

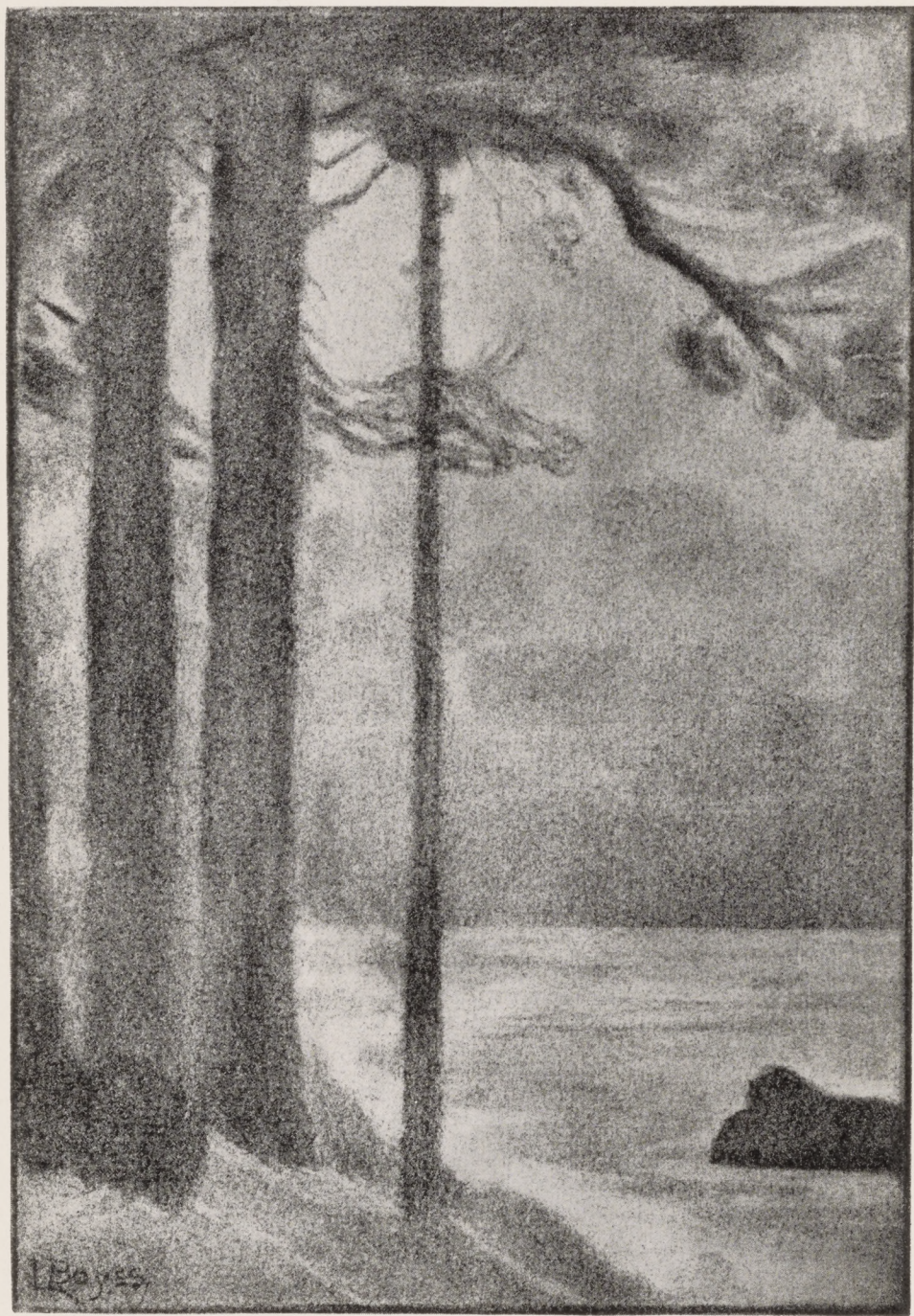
In the study hall at two-forty, one day,
Was gathered a merry crew;
There were Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors,
And Freshmen studied there, too.

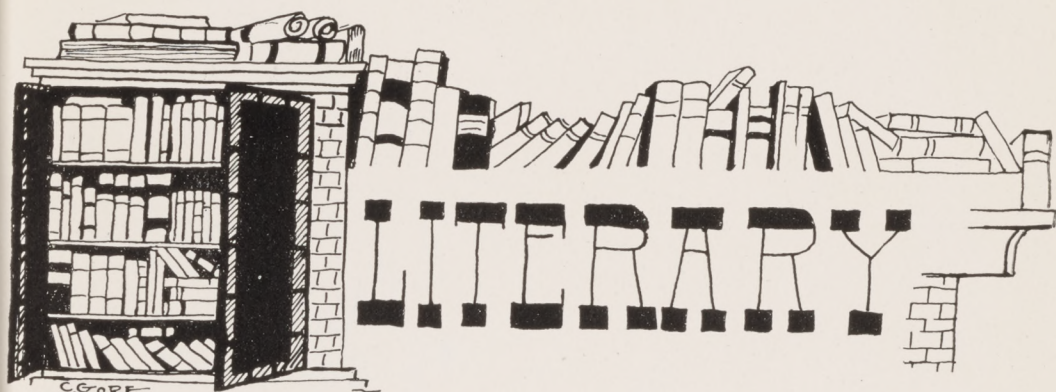
Mr. Montgomery did chance to go out of the room,
Which gave them some time for fun;
And how they had it, you'll very soon know
Before my story is done.

For Donald, who dearly loved trouble to hatch,
Did have a revolver in his pocket;
He then gave the trigger a mighty pull,
And BANG! it went off, like a rocket.

When Mr. Montgomery re-entered the room,
He saw a smile on the face of each boy;
Then into the office he took Albert and Donald;
And they went, not showing any great joy.

What he said to them on the carpet that day,
Neither of the boys will tell;
But we may be sure that the study hall
Will never more have a powdery smell.





A New Year's Day



APPY NEW YEAR to you, one and all! I am going to tell you a story of which I am very fond. It is a story of a New Year's Day in sunny Italy; a story told long ago by one who loved and lived in that land of painters and poets.

The glorious sunshine of a New Year's morn gladdened the heart of a little silk weaver. Day by day, her tired feet had stood before her web while her deft fingers twined the silken strands. But today she was free; this was to be her one glad holiday—the only one in a whole long year. As she rose to delight in her glorious luxury, she whispered to herself: "I must not squander a mite of my twelve hours' treasure. But this one day I have leave to go and play out my fancy's fullest games. I may fancy all day."

So she was to spend her day—morn, noon, eve and night—in fancy, fancying herself the happiest four in Asolo. These four were Ottima, the wife beloved of rich, old Luca, who owned the silk mills, where the weavers earned bread and milk; Jules and Phene, a bridegroom and his bride; Luigi and his mother, for none ever loved more tenderly than they; and Holy Mon-signor, "for best love of all is God." Happy little weaver! With joy surging through her heart, she went forth singing her New Year's hymn:

All service ranks the same with God.

If now, as formerly He trod

Paradise, His presence fills

Our earth, each only as God wills

Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,

Are we; there is no last, nor first."

"This glorious morn I shall be Ottima, rich Luca's wife." And the little maid went singing.

High on a hillside, gleamed the place of Luca. Within its walls lay an old man dead. Without, in the garden below, stood a woman fair, and a man

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less fair. They knew why he lay stiff and cold—their hands had done the deed. Ottima, one of the Happiest Four in Asola!

Just then a fresh, young voice broke in upon their passionate words with her dainty song:

“The year’s at the spring,
And day’s at the morn;
Morning’s at seven;
The hillside’s dew pearled;
The lark’s on the wing;
The snail’s on the thorn;
God’s in His heaven—
All’s right with the world!”

“Oh! ’tis that little, ragged girl. She must have rested on the step. She stoops to pick my heartsease,” cried Ottima.

“God’s in his heaven!” cried the man beside her. “The little peasant’s voice has righted all again. I see what I have done. God’s in his heaven!” A repentant sinner replaced the man of crime.

“’Tis noon. I shall be Bridegroom and Bride. I shall be Jules and Phene, happy in their love.”

Yet bridegroom and bride were not happy in their love. False friends of Jules, the artist, had in treachery, played him a dastardly trick, and his bride, with the snow-white face and raven hair, disclosed their envious hate, on her bridal day. The bridegroom was swearing his deep revenge when a child’s voice rang in a sweet, glad strain. The voice of the weaver, in her fancy, was gay as she carolled of love. Then the little maiden passed. But the heart of the Bridegroom was melted, and revenge was turned to trust.

“Now it is eve and I shall be Luigi, who loves his mother so well. If I only knew what was my mother’s face—my father’s, too!” thought the little maid.

In a turret, Luigi sat with his mother. Unknown to them, spies were watching what he might do. Should he leave before night for Vienna, well and good. Should he remain, there was but one way to deal with traitors. His mother, loving the sight of her only son, begged her Luigi to remain with her, for his duty away was a dangerous one. In the midst of her plea an eager young voice sang clearly:

“A king lived long ago
In the morning of the world,
When earth was nigher heaven than now.

Before his palace in the sun
He sate, to see his people pass
And judge them every one.

’Tis said a python came one day,
With jorky tongue and eye on flame,
Where the old king sate to judge alway.

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But when he saw the sweepy hair
Girt with a crown of berries rare,
Beholding this, he did not dare

Approach that threshold in the sun,
Assault the old king smiling there.

Such grace had kings when the world was young."

"'Tis God's voice calls, how could I stay." And Luigi went—to Freedom, to his duty.

"I, tonight at least, would be Monsignor, that holy and beloved priest." Such had been the little silk maid's fancy at the dawn.

That New Year's night the good Monsignor sat in the Bishop's palace. His brother, the Bishop, was dead, yet his trusted attendant still lived; lived to tell of the perfidy of both master and menial. 'And what had become of the Bishop's child? Had it died that a fortune might pass from master to man?'

"No; 'tis but a little, black-eyed, gay, silk-winding girl. Sir, I will make way with her for you. Is it a bargain?"

Softly, sweetly, through the window admitting of the waning light, floated the words of a young girl's. "Suddenly God took me," closed the song.

The good Monsignor lifted both voice and hand. A rush, a struggle, a hush;—a villain lay dead outside Monsignor's door!

New's Year's day was done. Both Pippa's songs and her fancies must close with the day. Yet, as the little maid entered her room that night, she wondered about the Happiest Four in Asola.

"Now, one thing I should really like to know,
How near I ever might approach all these
I only fancied being—this long day.
Approach, I mean, so as to touch them,—so
As to, in some way, move them, if you please,
Do good or evil to them some slight way;
Though I passed by them all and felt no sign."

Dear little Pippa! She did not know that her sweet, pure songs had roused the right from the stifling wrongs of the Happiest Four in Asola. She did not even know that they had heard her songs as she passed, pouring out her joy while she lived in fancy, through morn, noon, eve, and night, as the Happiest Four in Asola.

"God bless me! I can pray no more tonight.
No doubt, some way or other, my hymn says right.
'All service is the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first.'"

Pippa slept. Her happy New Year's day had not be squandered!

The Dawn of a New Day



NEW YEAR'S eve had come again. The little hall beneath the redwoods fairly beamed with mirth and laughter. About the room were groups of both young and middle-aged, anxious for the dance to commence. At one end, on a little platform, a heating stove, red-hot with its efforts, successfully battled with the cold air of the winter night. On the same platform, but a little to one side, a man tuned a violin. He was a stranger who had happened into this out-of-the-way place. He had a jovial way about him that won the hearts of the young people.

Outside, a cold, white coat covered the earth, and a biting wind, exulting in its strength, whistled through the trees. Everything else was silent. The moon, shining between the passing clouds, seemed to shiver as her silver rays fell upon the white blanket protecting the tender plants and bushes from the frosty air.

Tottering through the snow, a figure approached the building. It was an old man, with gray hair and a long, flowing beard. The fire in the once bright eyes was now dim. Beneath the old black overcoat that covered his figure, he clanked a precious violin. As he neared the hall, he suddenly stopped. Disappointment, sorrow, pain, all in turn, covered his countenance. He staggered, caught himself, leaned heavily against the sheltered side of a tree. A great tear rolled down his cheek, for the picture of former years passed before him.

He saw a group of men clearing a small patch of land beneath stately redwoods. Lumber was hauled and an assembly hall built. One, the leader, was always cheerful and happy. It was his former self. In another picture he saw the same figure, but older now. He was playing a violin, while the crowds danced. Here, the old man started toward the building, but halted before a window. He searched the faces of those within. There were none that he had seen in the first picture. He looked again and saw few faces seen in the second picture.

He was numb with cold, but he would not intrude. They had forgotten him, and had chosen a violinist, who could play later and more popular music. As the aged musician listened, a sob burst from his lips. It was not the music, filled with purity and simplicity, that had always been played in the little hall.

Heartbroken, he returned to his little cabin, nestling near the side of a brook. He was greeted by his only companion, an old hound, which, like his master, was growing feeble with age. Tears rolled from the old man's eyes as the faithful animal, his one remaining friend, licked his hands. Throwing a chunk into the fire, he watched it burn and waited for the midnight hour. He was growing weak, but he still might play on his old violin, and welcome the New Year, as he had done so many times before.

It was midnight. The cuckoo clock sent forth its farewell to the passing twelve months. The New Year victories took the place of the old.

The little hall echoed with laughter and wishes of a "Happy New Year"; but in a small, time-worn cabin, all was silent, save the low murmur of the wind and the trickling of the nearby brook.

The life on earth had flown with the old year, but the dawn of the New Year brought eternal peace.

Room Fourteen



As usual, the Atherley girls' room was crowded. Besides being two of the most popular girls at college, their room was especially attractive, and often the haunt of their friends in the evenings, except on rare occasions, when callers would be confronted with the forbidding sign tacked on the outside of their door—

CRAMMING!

KINDLY LEAVE US ALONE IN OUR MISERY.

This meant that the Atherleys were preparing themselves at the eleventh hour for an ex. The "Atherleys' Retreat," as it was commonly called, was the scene of many merry gatherings, it being especially noted for the number of successful midnight feasts held behind its doors.

On this particular evening, a stormy one in October, a fudge party was in progress, Nan Hathaway, a lively Junior, and expert chef, presiding at the chafing-dish. Grace and Jeanette Atherley, clad in big, white aprons, were assisting, while several others were beguiling the time in various ways, until they should be called upon to perform the task of disposing of the fudge. Two of them, members of the mandolin club, were sitting on the sofa, practicing, three or four, gathered around the big library table, were discussing an exciting game of football that had been played that afternoon. Helen Lawson, a Senior, comfortably ensconced in pillows on the broad window-seat, was reading a magazine, apparently oblivious to the fact that anything was going on.

"Say, girls, where's Sally tonight?" asked Helen, suddenly arousing herself. "First time I ever heard of her missing a fudge party."

"Oh, Sally had a very important engagement this evening," replied Grace Atherley. "It seems that she was appointed on a committee to plan for the Freshmen girls' supper. Said that she would try to favor us with her presence later on."

"Well, she'd better hurry up if she expects any fudge, for it will be done in about two minutes, and probably won't last long among this ravenous bunch," called Nan from behind the chafing-dish.

Several minutes later, as all were busily engaged in devouring the fudge, Nan remarked, "Seems to me the Freshies are rather slow about their supper this semester—wonder when they are planning to have it?"

"What is this Freshman supper, anyway?" asked a Junior, who had just entered the college that fall, having attended another university for two years. "I have heard it mentioned several times—it seems to be a very mysterious affair."

"Why, don't you know about the Freshman supper?" asked Helen. "You've missed something in this life if you have never attended one. You see, every semester the Freshman girls are supposed to have a supper without letting their enemies, the Sophomores, know of it. They have to make all their arrangements for the supper so that only members of their class

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shall know anything of it, and, naturally, the Sohps. try to keep track of them and do everything they can to prevent their supper from taking place. Until the very last minute the Freshies are in fear and trembling that the Sohps. shall discover their plans, all of which makes it very exciting."

"We shall certainly never forget our Freshman supper, shall we, Grace?" asked Jeanette Atherley of her sister. "Of all the grand fizzles! Our class, being confident of outwitting the Sophomores, thought that we would have something quite elegant, so arranged for an oyster supper at Wilson's—Wilson was the man who used to keep the hotel here, you know. We hired a private dining-room, and expected to have a great lark. We were sure that not a Soph. suspected what we were up to, and word had been passed around among the Freshman girls that every one of them was to be on hand at eight o'clock on the appointed evening. You can imagine our surprise and chagrin when the whole class safely arrived on time, only to find that the Sophomore girls were there ahead of us, sitting at the tables as serene as you please, gobbling down our supper. Of course, we were terribly wrought up over it, but there was simply nothing for us to do but to meekly take our leave. That story went all over the campus, and you can imagine the feelings of we poor, little Freshmen. We found out later, that, in some incredible way, the Sophs. had discovered our plans, and several of them went to Mr. Wilson, telling him that they were some of the girls that wanted the supper, and had decided to change the time from eight o'clock to seven—Good Gracious! what's the matter, Sally?" For at that moment the door banged open, and there stood Sally, her black eyes flashing angrily.

"Matter enough," she snapped, "everything's fallen through—all our plans discovered—oh, it's the meanest trick I ever heard of—and we expected everything to go off so well—it's pretty maddening! If only I could get hold of that girl for a minute!"

"Sally Armstrong," said Grace Atherley, in a firm, decided tone of voice, "sit down in that chair and calm yourself—then please explain the meaning of this sudden outburst of wrath."

"Anything gone wrong with the Freshman supper, Sally?" asked Nan.

"Oh, no, not at all," replied the irate Sally, sarcastically, "no when you stop to consider that every Sophomore girl at college knows of our plans to have it tomorrow evening; and all because of the meanest kind of a trick played by one of the Sophs.—that Martha Sutton—you know her, tall and haughty, wears spectacles—acts as if she thought that every Freshman should ask her pardon for living—she boards in town. Well, this morning, she meekly walked up to Ethel Robertson, one of those on the committee, as she was standing in front of the library, and, pretending that she was a loyal Freshman, succeeded in getting out of her all of our plans for the supper. Ethel didn't know who she was, but the sarcastic way in which Martha said, 'Thank you very much for telling me this,' made her slightly suspicious, so she made it a point to find out. When she discovered that the demure little 'Freshman' was a Sophomore, she realized what she had done, and con-

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fessed at the committee meeting tonight. But don't you think it's absolutely the most disgusting thing you ever heard of? Of course, it's the game for the Sophs. to try to find out our plans, but that is going a little too far. The Sophs., not knowing how Miss Sutton gained her information, are praising her to the sky. Oh! it just makes me boil all over when I think of it."

After the girls had discussed the matter for a few minutes, Helen significantly remarked, "What do you say to giving the clever Sophomore another chance to distinguish herself, girls?"

"What's the plan, Helen?" eagerly asked Sally.

Shortly afterwards, Nan was saying at the 'phone, "Hello! is that Miss Sutton? Martha Sutton? Well, this is— (Aside). Hurry, Sally, I've got the culprit. Here's the receiver. Speak up, now."

"Hello! Hello! you still there, Ethel? What's the matter with the old 'phone, anyway?—wires must be crossed. Now, remember what I told you about the supper—all the Freshmen are to meet in back of the gym at half past ten tonight. We'll fool the Sophs. yet. Now, be sure to meet me here at ten sharp—you and I are the only ones who know the pass-word, so we have to get their early. Remember, ten sharp, Room 14, Wellby Hall." After firing this rapid conversation at the 'phone, Sally slammed down the receiver, and said, "Here's hoping that our friend, Miss Sutton, bites at that."

After Martha Sutton overheard this conversation, and exultant gleam shone through her eyes. "Well, isn't that lucky?" she thought to herself. "The wires must have been crossed—wonder who it was that telephoned to me? Lovely piece of information I gained—Oh, you poor Freshman! your supper is certainly doomed. Now, what had I better do—warn all the Sophs., so that they will be sure to prevent it? But, no! if those two girls who are to meet are detained, the supper can't come off, for they are the only ones who know the pass-word. I'll go myself, to Room 14, Wellby, at ten sharp, and have the pleasure of intercepting them."

The night was cold and stormy, and the distance from Martha Sutton's boarding place to Wellby Hall was not short, but, in her endeavor to distinguish herself, she realized that this was too good a chance to be missed, and braved the storm.

At exactly three minutes to ten, Martha, drenched and fatigued after her walk, she was cautiously walking down the long, dimly-lighted hall on the second floor of Wellby Hall, peering at the number of every door. Finally, at the end of the hall, she came upon Room 14. A light shone through the transom at the top of the door. She knocked, but no one answered, and, listening for a moment or two, she could not hear a sound. "They evidently don't wish to receive callers tonight—probably think that if they keep quiet and don't answer, whoever is here will depart. But they're greatly mistaken—I'll knock again and if they don't answer, walk in," she thought to herself. True to her word, after her second knock was unanswered, she grasped the door-knob, opened the door, and boldly stepped in—then started back in amazement—

It was the laundry-room!

The Rider of the Park



had been relieved from duty at the Eighth avenue entrance an hour before; had reported at headquarters, and was walking briskly across the park, homeward bound. The night was as clear as crystal, and as cold as ice. The full moon shed a silvery glow over the maples that bordered the avenue, and the stars glistened like myriads of diamonds in the vaulted heavens. As I rounded the corner near the museum, I noticed a light in the nightwatchman's office, just to the right of the suite of rooms given to him for his home, where he had lived for twenty-five years. Tim and I were old friends, so when I saw the light in his office, I decided to pay him a friendly visit. The clock in the beach observatory struck nine, as I knocked. The old man opened the door, and greeted me with a hearty welcome.

"Why, howdy, Jerry!" he exclaimed, wringing my hand until I almost saw stars, "it's been an age since I've seen you; how have you been, anyway?"

"By the way, you didn't see anything of the Rider as you came through the park, did you?" he asked as I seated myself on the couch opposite his reading table.

"The Rider—pray whom do you mean?" I asked, somewhat indifferently, as I took off my gloves and moved nearer the fire.

"You, a park policeman, don't mean to tell me you have never heard of The Rider of the Park!" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"I'm afraid such is the case, but tell me about it; who is The Rider of the Park, any way?" said I, hoping to draw from him one of his many romantic legends of this mysterious old park.

"Well, as I remember, it was this way," he began, crossing his legs and folding his hands over his knees, "about twenty years ago, when the mounted police were first stationed in the park, there was a handsome young fellow, by the name of Rafferty, stationed at the Eighth avenue entrance—your own station, Jerry. He was a tall young fellow of powerful build, with dark auburn hair, and big, black eyes that twinkled like stars when he was smiling, and that snapped fire when he was angry, which was seldom. He was the handsomest man I ever saw in a uniform, and he and his big, black horse were familiar objects around the park of an evening.

"Well, Rafferty was in love with Molly Dunne, a sweet, little blue-eyed girl, who worked in a down-town candy store. Since he was on duty at night, and she at work in the daytime, they didn't get to go out much together. This is how it happened that Rafferty wasn't with them, when one Saturday night, the thirtieth of November, she and a crowd of her friends came out to a ball given in honor of the opening of the Eighth Avenue Hotel. About twelve o'clock, she and her friends left the hall-room, and came over to the entrance to take a car for home. While they were waiting, Rafferty rode up on his big, black horse, dismounted, and stopped to talk with them. They had been talking probably ten minutes (the cars didn't run as often

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then as they do not), when all of a sudden, Molly took a notion to ride the horse. She jumped into the saddle with such a sudden bound that the horse became frightened, and started to race off down the drive. Although Molly was a good rider, she couldn't manage the horse, and the tighter she pulled on the bridle, and the louder she yelled 'whoa', the faster he went. Rafferty and the rest tried to catch the horse, but he was too fast for them. Suddenly, he turned a sharp corner, went clear off the road, stumbled, and plunged into the lake that used to be near the conservatory. Molly and the horse were both drowned before assistance could reach them. Rafferty, stricken with grief, threw himself into the lake and was drowned with his sweetheart.

"All this happened twenty years ago, but they say that each year, on the thirtieth of November, Molly Runne rides through the park on her coal-blask steed and disappears somewhere over near the conservatory. They also say that the person who sees her will have bad luck for a year afterwards. Tonight is the night. That's why I asked you if you'd seen her," concluded the old watchman.

A thick blanket of sea-fog had drifted landward, shutting out the light of the moon and the stars, making the night "as black as Erebus," when I fastened my overcoat tighter across my chest, put on my cap and gloves, and started, once more, homeward across the park.

"Look out for the Rider," was Tim's parting shot as I disappeared from view into the darkness.

Now, I think that I am not a coward, and I am not often frightened, but, somehow, after leaving my friend, an intangible something that might have been termed nervousness, crept over me. I started at every sound I heard, and once, when I heard a twig snap near me, my heart leapt up into my throat with a bound, skipping several beats, I am sure. I had reached a turn in the avenue that leads around by the music-stand, when I heard a low, soft voice. It was indistinct as yet, but in a minute,—yes, there could be no doubt about it. It was the unmistakable rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat, of a galloping horse, and furthermore, it was coming closer every minute. I determined that I would not be frightened; that I would face whatever it was, if it took my life, but I will confess that my teeth were chattering and that my knees were shaking.

Closer and closer, every second, came the horse. I had walked about ten paces, when the steed with its rider swung into view. Will I ever forget that sight? Never, as long as I live! There, silhouetted against the silver maple ahead of me, galloping at a moderate speed, was a huge, coal-black horse. In the saddle, sat a young girl, dressed as girls dressed twenty years ago. There was nothing in this to terrify a man, but the fact that struck terror to my heart was this: from the eyes and jaws of the horse, and from the eyes and lips of the rider, flashed tongues of blue fire. I stood there a moment, too dazed to move. Then, cold sweat burst forth on my forehead, my hair stood straight up on my head and my eyes bulged out. Then, with a yell that I am sure startled people three miles away, I bolted for the mu-

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seum. Once, I looked back, and to my horror and utter despair, there came this awful night-mare, tearing at full speed after me.

Never before did my legs seem to absolutely refuse to move, although I believe I was doing a pretty fair "Marathon." Never before did the distance between the music-stand and the museum seem interminable. When I caught sight of that light in Tim's office, I yelled with all my might, "Tim! Tim! she's after me! Quick! Quick! Save me, Tim!"

The office door burst open, and out rushed Tim, breathless with amazement at my shrieks. I threw myself into his arms, too faint to speak, but a moment later gained my strength very quickly, when I heard a very human voice exclaim, anxiously, "O Father, did I kill him?"

"Sarah Ann Murphy! what, in the name of all that is good, are you doing out at this time of night? And, child, what is the matter with your eyes? What makes them shine so?"

"Tell me, first, is he dead? Did I kill him? O Father! Father!" and she burst into tears.

"Nr, child; he is not dead. Very much alive! Now, tell me what's the matter."

"O! Brother dared me to ride through the park tonight, dressed like the Rider, and I took his old dare. I hunted around in the garret until I found these old clothes of mother's. Then, I rented a black horse from the Riding Club, purchased some phosphorous paint, and the whole trick was done. But really, I hope I haven't scared the wits out of the old man," she said, looking at me, and smiling in spite of herself, for I did look rather wild-eyed.

"Look here, young lady, do you think it smart, to go around scaring people half to death? Now, you go wash that paint off the horse's face and off your own, and chase up to your room as quickly as possible. I'll take the horse to the club in the morning, and as for your brother, I'll settle with him in the morning, too. Now hike!" said Tim, in angry tones, for he was furious. Then he turned to me with a twinkle in his eye and said, "Jerry, do you want to stay here tonight? There's plenty of room."

I stayed.

THE NEW YEAR

The chilly north wind whistles through the trees,
And dies away into a gentle breeze;
And all the world is silent, far and near,
Watching the last breath of the dying year.

The clam'rous midnight bells will soon proclaim
The coming of a glorious New Year reign;
So, hasten with your songs and merry din,
To help them ring the happy New Year in.

The great clock's moving fingers upward point;
And all the bells in every city ring.
Their welcome to the glad New Year they sound,
And send their tidings all the world around.

Commerce and Social Progress



COMMERCE is the exchange of goods in considerable quantities between producers remote from one another.

This exchange has had a great influence on the social progress of the world, both in ancient and modern times. Perhaps the most striking examples are in the more modern times, but the culture of the Greeks and Romans was undoubtedly influenced by their commerce.

When we get to the point of studying one people as having an influence on another, they have advanced to the extent of settling in a definite place, and having a certain degree of social organization. Many tribes never reach this state, and on account of their migratory habits, have advanced to a very small degree along lines of industrial arts, which have not gotten to the point where they influence social conditions, or commerce. To influence commerce to any extent, the people must have some family or tribal organization. When tribes or nations have reached this stage there are two kinds of intercourse which have their origin in connection with commerce, that of friendly and unfriendly relations.

War opens up a new way for commerce, as was illustrated by the Crusades, the people in western Europe were practically ignorant of the east. The Crusades started intercourse which resulted in the heightening of the social standards of the western people. A successful war gives securities for peaceful commerce, thus advancing commerce and aiding both nations materially.

Many tribes and cities have changing relations, and elements of insecurity and uncertainty, are not favorable to commerce, or to advancement along lines of culture.

That the uplifting influence of commerce was appreciated in early times, is shown by the actions of Solomon, King of Judah and Israel. He founded commercial centers at the most convenient points, and even went so far as to establish a commercial department of state. His merchants traded in Egypt, Syria and with the Hittites, and the result was that the Jewish nation made the most advance in social progress.

An example of the marked effect of commerce on social progress, is shown by the prosperous Phoenician city of Tyre. Many times its immediate ruin was prophesied, but it always held its own. The secret of its power of resisting attack depended on its wealth, and its wealth was derived from its industry and skill in manufactures. But as their own raw materials were practically exhausted, they had to depend on other nations, consequently on commerce, for the necessary materials. To their manufactures they owed their life and advancement; so without commerce, Tyre would never have attained the position of culture and refinement it held.

Venice can be taken as the best example of the influence of commerce on the social progress of a single city. Venice was the center of trade routes. From there vessels went to and from the Orient, through the Mediterranean

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Sea to the Isthmus of Suez, by caravan across that, and then by sea the rest of the way. Overland routes extended from Venice to all important inland cities. Ships went to northern Africa and to England. Her great advancement in social progress, was due to the growth and energy of her commercial population. Its regularity of government was a marvel for that time, when there was so much strife elsewhere. It was in Venice that the first public bank was organized, and bills of exchange were first negotiated. Although the advancement of civilization has taken from Venice the place of first city in the land, there is no doubt that had not the various trading lines chosen Venice for their terminus, it would never have been the city it once was.

In the Roman Empire, commerce played a great part. It was mostly as a result of her successful wars that countries opened their ports to her. The commerce took on more of a form of tribute than trade, but nevertheless Rome was advanced socially by their imports. Throughout the Roman Empire, roads for commercial communication were built, so that all parts might be brought closer together and all benefited by the variety of knowledge. Besides the beneficial influence which Rome exercised over her conquered nations, she learned much from them. The inhabitants of the Greek cities which she conquered, practically carried on the commerce of the Empire. In this way social progress was influenced by both conquerers and conquered. With the downfall of the Empire, the lack of public security caused a great contraction of commerce, as a part of general lapse into barbarism. This shows that the lapse into barbarism was caused, partially, by the failure of the government to back its commerce.

The Mohammedan Conquest had more effect on the social progress of the West, coming as it did at a critical time, than any other one thing. It opened ways by which the knowledge of arts and sciences of the East, might be cultivated in the remote parts of the West, where civilization was almost destroyed by a succession of barbarian invasions.

One of the important advances in social progress in the middle ages, was the formation of the Hansaetic League, by the German cities. The quality and extent of the progress of trade and arts was greatly widened by this league.

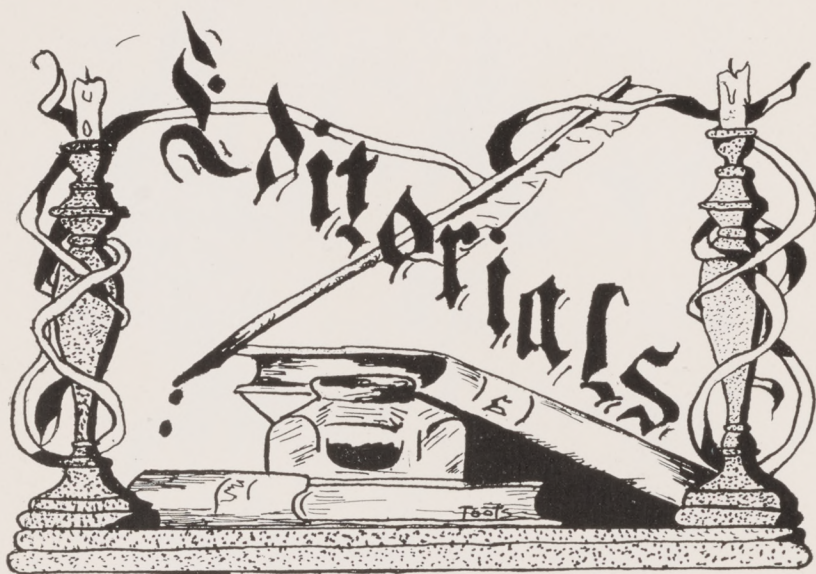
The discovery of the American continents, and the formation of the East India Company, did much in the fifteenth century to advance civilization.

When we come down to the nineteenth century, all the world has been explored, and all the world has attained a certain degree of social progress, some parts to a marked extent.

The easy transportation of goods, both by land and sea, and the prompt means of communication, have thrown the world open to trade. Trade has shown the necessity for better transportation, and this in turn has spurred on invention. Trade makes competition between the nations, and as a result better education is desired. All over the world today, various governments are working for the social uplift of the people.



1. Mary Coleman. 2. Shirley Baxter. 3. West Mal'ory. 4. Lester Smith. 5. Jesse Lingenfelter. 6. Ethel Helman. 7. Ruth Wright. 8. Chauncey Peterson. 9. Dagny Juell. 10. Sterling Coulter. 11. John Mitchell. 12. Norman McPeak. 13. Esther Sinclair. 14. Chester Case. 15. Frances Ahl. 16. Margaret Hatch. 17. Hazel Devoto. 18. Natalie Bruning. 19. G. Oka. 20. Olivia Smith.



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THE ECHO

Another term has almost ended, and twelve sober (?) Seniors are soon to say, "Farewell! to High School Days."

Seniors—what is your attitude toward the days you have spent within the walls of S. R. H. S.? Some of you are rejoicing over the fact that these days are soon ended, while others regret it. You realize that you have reached a mile-post in your lives—a fork in the road—where you will pause to consider which road you will travel, for commencement is not a closing of your schooling, but a starting point, where you will commence the real school of life.

Perhaps some of you feel that you have gained practically nothing from your studies of the past four year. It would be well to listen to the experiences of many who have traveled far beyond the fork in the road; but probably you would listen non-believingly, when told of the benefits of the High School education, so that you yourselves will learn only by your own experiences the value of the studies through which you have plodded.

During the next term we will miss you not only in the study hall and in the class rooms, but also in the work of the different activities.

Now, as you are leaving High, we wish you happiness and success in the future, and hope that you will have both pleasure and success in that which you are choosing as your life-work.

* * * * *

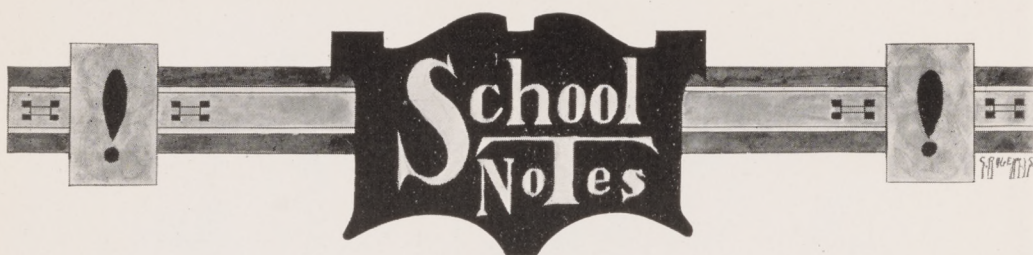
As this is the last of the term, we are all looking forward to the beginning of the spring semester. How eager we are to begin work in the new annex! It is to be hoped that the students will appreciate the splendid new building with the new furnishings, and not try to detract and spoil the appearance by markings of any sort. Let us endeavor to prove our appreciation and thanks to the community by respecting the property.

There has been a change in the school system, by which the pupils of the seventh and eighth grades will pursue some of the new studies afforded us by the annex. It is hoped that these younger students will be well treated and that their rights upon the new premises will be recognized by the upper-classmen.

* * * * *

In looking back over the events of the past term, we realize that we have enjoyed many pleasures in addition to our studies, and that the school has continued to make itself known as one of honor and power, under the supervision of our new principal, Mr. Montgomery.

The track team, the basketball team, and the debating team have made the strength of the school known to the neighboring communities, winning for us many beautiful trophies. The faculty has supported and aided us in all that we have done. The members of the school board have planned and supervised the completion and furnishing of the new annex. The Mothers' Club has given us several enjoyable entertainments, and the High School journal has enjoyed a prosperous term, because of the loyal support of the student body.



School Notes

The programs this month have continued to be as interesting as formerly. They have consisted of the following:

December 6.

Selections, "Silver Moon" and "First Heart Throbs".....Orchestra

December 9.

Piano recital—

"En Route" Godard

"Autumn" Moskowski

"Liebestraum" (encore) Liszt

Miss Nesbit

December 13.

Piano solo—(a) Number from Schumann;

(b) Number from Greig Margaret Forsyth

The Girls' Glee Club has been working hard, and has learned several new songs. Miss Mills has been working hard, too, and ought to be very pleased with the results which she has brought about. One reason for the success of the club is the fact that at the first of the term, a try-out was held, which debarred those members whom it was thought would not be benefited by the work.

All of the school activities have progressed this semester, and have accomplished much. This is due to the attitude of the students as well as to the ability of those in charge of the various departments.

Miss Nesbit's selections were very much appreciated. The students rarely have such a treat, and showed their appreciation for it.

On the last day of school, December 20, the following program was given:

"Love's Sweet Dreams" and encore.....Fremont Orchastra

Violin solo, "Angel's Serenade".....Perry Bonar

Milton Sayer, accompanist

Vocal solo, "The Rosary" Helen Fraser

Clarinet solo—

(a) "Loin du Bal"

(b) "Lucia de Lammermoor"

(c) "Dreamland" Eli Jacobs

Song, "Nazareth" Girls' Glee Club

The Fremont orchastra played exceedingly well, and the Student Body enjoyed both selections. At the suggestion of Arthur England, president of the Student Body, a rising vote of thanks was given to the orchastra for their entertainment. The violin solo by Perry Bonar was also much appreciated.

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Lester Smith (violin). Harry Luce (piano). Mrs. Minnie Mills (leader). Arthur Farnlof (violin). Roscoe Wallace (cornet). Raegan Talbot (clarinet). Clarendon Anderson (flute)

Debating

During this term debating has, by no means, been neglected. Many have taken special interest in the debating society, and have done their best toward making this all-important school activity a wonderful success. Early in the term a team was chosen by means of a try-out. This team worked diligently for two weeks in preparing to meet Analy High in the first of the annual league debates. As a result of this earnest effort and the remarkable ability of the team, we defeated the team from Sebastopol.

We are now looking forward to the next league debate, which will be between Cloverdale High and S. R. H. S. In order that the team may have no other work to hinder it from making thorough preparation for that debate, a try-out was held just before Christmas for a second team, which will represent us in any inter-school debate for which we might arrange. The number of entrants for this try-out proved that many are interested in debating and realize the importance of that activity. Those selected for a second team were Albert Entzminger, Raegan Talbot, and Sydney Drysdale, with Fae Irwin as alternate.

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Alumni

The following S. R. H. S. graduates are teaching in the Santa Rosa schools:

S. R. H. S.

Mary Leddy 1887
Jessie Mailer 1895
Charlotte Wirt 1895
Ethel Earl Wylie.....1899
Ethel Abeel 1903

Fremont

Helen McMeans 1905
May McMeans 1905
Nell Mead 1893
Ethel Lehman 1904
Helen Wright 1901

Burbank

Jessie Smith 1887
Hattie Johnson 1892
Edna Murdock 1897
Hazel Taylor 1906

Lincoln

May Combs 1903
Nell Hall 1906
Ruth Smyth 1909
Charlotte McMinn 1902
Blanche Smith 1895

Corinne Goodfellow, '09, is teaching near Healdsburg.

Harold McMeans, '07, is in the insurance business in San Francisco.

Helen Johnson, '09, is attending U. C.

Ruth Hall, '09, is assistant librarian.

Francis Combs, '01, is teaching in the Selma Union High School, in Fresno county.

William Wirt, '09, is teaching in the Berkeley High School.

Charles Gould, '09, is a member of the Brooks Clothing Company.

John Warboys, '03, is in Kenwood.

Amy Poppe, '07, is a teacher of elocution in San Francisco.

May Ward, '04, is teaching in the Richmond High School.

Floy Pedigo, '04, and Ada Royal, '92, are teaching in Oakland.

Mabel Parrish, '08, is a Wells, Fargo stenographer in Willits.

Governing Board Report

November 27—A special session was held. The manager of the girls' basketball team asked to be allowed to play a game with Petaluma and pay half the expenses, amounting to \$5. This game was granted. As there was no further business the meeting adjourned.

December 3—A regular session was held. The girls' basketball team was granted a league game with Cloverdale and pay half the expenses, amounting to \$12.65. The boys' team was granted permission to play the Business College team. The committee appointed to confer with Mr. Montgomery deferred its report until the next meeting.

December 10—A regular session was held. Two bills were presented and granted as follows: For basketball team, \$1.45. To pay for deficiency in giving dance, \$3.10.

The boys' basketball team was then granted permission to play the Business College team. The girls' team was granted a game with St. Helena and pay half the expenses.



ARTICLE NUMBER TWO ON YE HANDBALL

A sad condition of affairs now hangs over our school. The interest in clean, manly sports is fast dwindling away and the entire school is gripped by the handball craze. Many otherwise apparently sane pupils have been hopelessly lost; no one is immune, and even the faculty is infected. Though in the height of the season, basketball is fast falling into disuse, while football is remembered as a relic of barbarous days. These conditions should not be allowed to continue. Even now they are a menace to the school, having an evil influence on the young.

A short time ago a thoughtless Freshman reported to our professor, the discovery of blackhand signs on the training-room door. Later investigation proved that these marks represented a handball score. Such things as these are annoying. Innumerable cases could be shown where innocent students have been severely injured by flying handballs. There is absolutely no excuse for accidents of this nature. Invariably, they are due to the carelessness of some player.

The High School basement is intended for all pupils; it is not intended for a handball court, and cannot rightfully be monopolized for such.

No doubt, many pupils play this game, believing that the exercise will improve their health. If you are not strong enough, not physically capable enough to engage in a game which requires every ounce of strength and nerve you possess, do not delude yourself into thinking that you will become

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so through exercise in a close, stifling, dust-laden room. Get out into the open air, where there is plenty of room, and take advantage of the courts constructed for you.

JOHN MITCHELL.

BASKETBALL

The boys' basketball team has showed excellent form, and exceptionally good team work for one that has had little practice together. They have played five games and have won three out of the five; one of the games being played with old stars at the game such as Irving McDaniels and others.

During the term we have played two games with Petaluma, losing the first and winning the second by a good score.

The stars of the game were Lindsten and Frey. The rest of the lineup was as follows: Berger (manager), Crane and Peterson. Special mention ought to be given to Coach Martin for his hard work with the boys.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

This semester the basketball team has been very successful in the games which have been played. The first game of the season, which was a practice with Petaluma, was lost by a score of 11-4; but considering that the team had never played a game together, and that the floor of the court was very slippery, it is not to be wondered that the girls lost. The return game with them was played here on December 6th. We won by a score of 20-9.

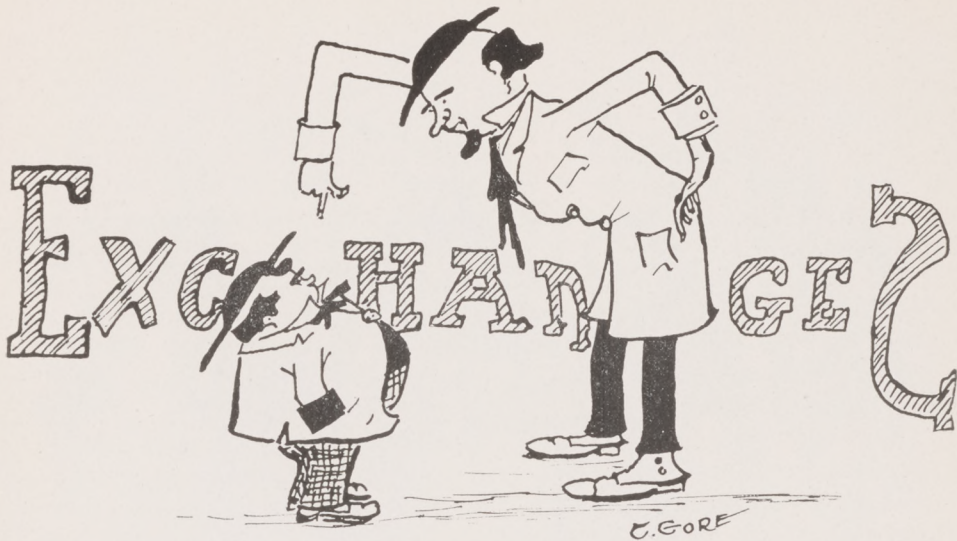
The preliminaries, as well as the semi-finals of the S. N. S. C. A. L., were forfeited to us by Analy and Cloverdale, respectively. The finals were played on December 13th against St. Helena, at the old Armory. The score was 57-2 in our favor, which is probably the largest score ever made by the girls' team. By winning the game, we won the league cup again, which makes it ours permanently.

The N. W. games are scheduled for the first of this year.

FOOTBALL

On Christmas day, the Alumni football team went down to defeat before the onslaught of the High School terrors. Practically the entire town was present to witness the struggle, in which the Alumni team, composed of heavier and more experienced players, were swept from their feet by the work of the High School team. Every man showed up exceedingly well, although Maroni, Bettini, Argyle and Berry proved to be past masters in the game. Hugh Watson played a remarkable game, considering that he had shortly before recovered from a broken leg. Referee McConnell kept his players well in hand, and as a result the entire contest was characterized by clean, snappy playing on both sides. The following is a schedule of the High School lineup:

Forwards, Linsten, Merritt, Wilkinson, Berry, Crist, Paxton, Churchill and Roberts; fullback, Bagley; halfback, Leo Maroni; five-eighths, Argyle; three-quarters, Bettini and Maroni; wings, Heims, Watson and Mills.



Owing to serious illness, our exchange editor was unable to write the exchanges for this month, so his work has been done by some other members of the staff. Exchanges, if you feel that the following criticisms are unjust, do not blame our exchange editor.

Yours was the best exchange received during the past term, **Girls' High Journal**. Your cuts show up exceptionally well, and all your material was excellent.

One of the best magazines received this month is **The Owl**, from Fresno High. Your cover is good, and the frontispiece excellent. The paper is both interesting and attractive.

Wheat, Ritzville, Wash. (December): An excellent small exchange. We appreciate your exchange list.

The Tiger, California School of Mechanical Arts: Your Yule Tide number is excellent. The literary department is good, and the cuts are splendid.

The Almanack, Ferry Hall (November): Yours is a good exchange, but why not devote a separate page for the table of contents, rather than using the inside of the cover?

Orange and Black, Benton Harbor, Mich. (November): Why spoil the appearance of your paper, by placing ads. in the front? The order of your departments would be greatly improved, if you would place the literary department first, followed by the editorials and the exchanges. Some of your cuts might be improved.

Why not place all the ads. in the back of your journal, **Cardinal**, Milwaukee, Wis. (December)? Could you not publish where you come from, so that one would not have to search through the ads. in order to find out: Your literary department is excellent. "Collingwood, '12" is great.

The **Columbus News**, New York City (November): A very neat exchange. A few more cuts would make you more attractive.

Nesika Wawa, Dayton, Wash. (November): Again, we find ads. in the front of a magazine. Could you not enlarge your literary department with

THE ECHO

one more story? Why not have a few cuts? Your editorials should follow the literary department. Your class notes are good.

Panorama, Binghamton, N. Y. (November): Why do you place ads. in the front of your magazine? Your appearance would be improved if you would devote a page to the table of contents. You have a splendid literary department.

The Kodak, Everett High School (December): A very neat exchange, but could you not afford to have a few cuts? "When Star Rock Fell" is a dandy story, but why not have some more like it? Why place "Christmas at Camp in Alaska" in the back of your magazine? Your exchange poem is very clever and original.

Keromas, East Liverpool, Ohio (November and December): You would be excellent exchanges if your ads. were together in the back, and not one in the front. Jokes scattered throughout the journal detract from your appearance. One or two short stories in place of one of those continued stories would be better. Your poem, "Christmas Day," is excellent.

The November **Artisan**, Mechanic Arts High School, Boston, Mass.: Yours is an attractive paper, with the exception of the ad. on the inside of the front cover, and those on the back cover. Your editorial is very good.

Pohob, Elko, Nev. (Christmas number): Your appearance is cheapened by the ads. in front and on the inside of the cover. Your literary department is very good. Some department cuts would make you more attractive. Your josh column is splendid.

Mercury, Milwaukee, Wis.: If it were not for the ads. on the cover and in the front of your December number, yours would have been one of the best exchanges received this month. Every department is well represented.

The above criticism concerning ads. on the cover and in the front, concerns you, **Quiver**, Marion, Ohio (November). A good contents cut and an entire page for the table of contents would improve your appearance, as would a large sized type. We miss an exchange column. Your stories are very good.

The Toletc, Durango, Colorado: Although your material is very good, the ads. in the front make you less attractive. Your arrangement would be greatly improved if you would place the literary department before the editorial, and the exchanges before the jokes.

Red and Black, Tampa, Florida: Keep your ads. together in the back. Why not add a few more cuts.

The Christmas **Tattler**, Milwaukee, Wis.: Your appearance would be improved if you would keep the ads. in the back, and change the order of your department, by placing the editorial after the literary department. Your material is very good.

The **Purple and White**, Worthington, Ind. (December): Could you not afford to use better paper for your magazine? Why not have some more cuts? The numerous criticisms upon ads. in the front of a magazine, hold good in your case.

JOKES



There was a young fellow named Fred,
And, Oh! who will we have in his stead?
When it came to the high,
He jumped half to the sky,
And now many medals has Fred.

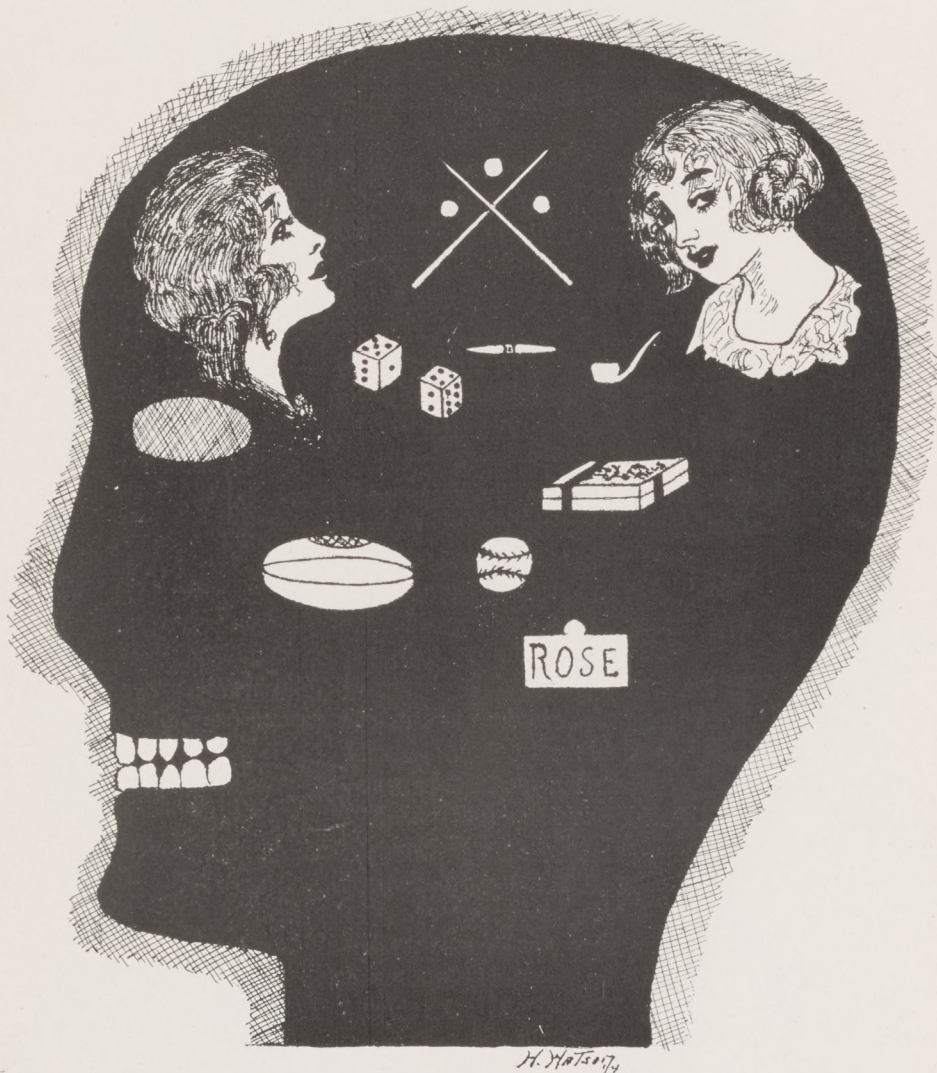
There was a young lady named Eliza,
And my! she certainly was wise-ah.
At the track dance
She wanted a chance,
For a leay-year number, did Eliza.

There was a young fellow named Meagher,
To be near Esther he always was eager;
And his only thought was,
"Have I any good cause,
To think I with her do figure?"

But Esther, a maid quite demure,
Never let him be too sure;
She kept him in suspense
'Till he spent his last pence,
And then,—she let him be sure.

Once a young lady did miss a good time,
But she said, "No worrying for mine";
For it was Miss Berry,
Who ever was merry,
And she said, "There'll be another sometime."

XRAY of Berry's Head



THE ECHO

True of a Geometry Book

"If there should ever be a flood,
Back to this book I'd fly;
For if the whole world be sub-
merged,
This book would still be dry."

* * * * *

"Did you ever see a balloon?"
"No, but I've seen Tub Overton."

* * * * *

Murphy—Hello! Pat; do ye be
woirking?

Pat (carrying mortar up a ladder)
—Sh! don't tell the boss; I've been
carrying this same bucket of stuff
up an' down dis ladder all day, and
the boss thinks I'm workin'.

* * * * *

Rather Difficult

Miss Wiley—Tom, please run up
that shade.

* * * * *

When we hear our band play,
We wonder how they dare;
But of course they have the right,
Because they rent the air.

* * * * *

O. B.—What's Ray cackling
about over there?

C. G.—Oh, he's just laid a wager!

* * * * *

Visitor (gazing at statue of Venus
in room No. 4)—I declare, it beats
all how them students break up
things!

* * * * *

Mr. Sixfooter—Bill, if I were a
girl and you wanted to kiss me,
what would you do?

Shorty (critically scanning him)—
The only thing in California, pal—
climate!

* * * * *

Don't tell your troubles to the
real estate man; he has lots already.

Suitable for the Fly-Leaf of a Chemistry Text Book

"Wide as the ocean, deep as a brook,
Is the knowledge contained within
this book.

So I say unto you who would turn
its pages,

To learn all this will take you ages."

* * * * *

Frank C.—Bud reminds me of the
laziest dog on record.

Al. H.—How's that; what did he
do?

Frank—Yelped all day because he
sat on a tack and was too lazy to
get up.

* * * * *

Miss O'Meara—What is a haut-
boy?

Irene C.—A wind instrument,
something like a fiddle.

* * * * *

E. Gilkey (in Phy. Geo.)—The
soil is so thinly populated in that
region, that not much can be grown
there.

* * * * *

Teacher—How would you punctu-
ate the sentence: "I saw a beautiful
girl walking down the street?"

L. D.—I'd make a dash after the
girl!

* * * * *

Why Is a Lazy Dog Like a Sheet of Writing Paper?

"A lazy dog is a slow pug; a slope
up is an inclined plane; an ink-lined
plaine is a sheet of writing paper."

* * * * *

A man had engraved on his wife's
headstone, "My Light Went Out."
About a year later he married again,
then he added to the inscription:
"And I Struck Another Match."

—Ex.

THE ECHO

Lost

Near Tipperary, on or about
Tuesday morning last, a pig; had no
marks on his ears, except a short
tail and a limp in one leg.

* * * * *

Abe Dodd stood on the railroad
track,

He did not hear the bell—
Toot! Toot!

Farewell!!!!

* * * * *

Do You Know?

There was once a blind carpenter
who picked up his hammer and saw.
There was a deaf shepherd who
went out with his flocks and herd.
But the greatest miracle was in the
case of the dumb wheelwright who
reached for a wheel and spoke!

* * * * *

Miss Leddy (Latin)—The Hel-
vetians' refusal of hostages brought
on the Gallic war.

Student—Gee, I wish they had of
come through!"

* * * * *

Beggar—Please, sir, can you
spare me a dime? I haven't a cent
in the world!

Dale Hol.—Neither have I. What
make of car did you buy?

* * * * *

Al. H.—Did you follow every-
thing in the show?

Hugh W.—My! no. There were
over fifty in the chorus alone!

* * * * *

Moved, seconded, and carried,
that Mr. Thumbtack be admitted as
an honorary member to our Student
Body. Even when reposing on a
chair he sharply advocates the up-
lift of humanity.

Norman—What's the height of
your ambition?

Jessie—Well, I won't say exactly,
but she comes up over my shoulder.

—Ex.

* * * * *

Howard F.—What sent poor
Lloyd H. to an insane asylum?

Earl S.—A train of thought pass-
ed through his brain and wrecked it.

—Ex.

* * * * *

Mr. Martin—Do you take any
stock in the Darwinian theory?

Mr. Allen—No; there is too much
monkey business about it.

* * * * *

She—John, what on earth are you
wearing those goggles for?

John—Only a moment, dear, un-
til I finish this grape-fruit.

* * * * *

Clara—Miss Wirt, I'm indebted
to you for all the German I know.

Miss Wirt—Oh, don't mention
such trifles.

—Ex.

* * * * *

Miss Mailer—What can you say
of the various teeth and their uses?

E. Y.—Well, there are the eye-
teeth, which enable people to see
what they're eating.

* * * * *

Clara—You must believe in sav-
ing for a rainy day, Dorothea?

Dorothea C.—Er—ah—I do; but
why?

Clara—Nothing, only that's the
second umbrella of mine you've bor-
rowed.

* * * * *

Pauline C.—The funniest story I
ever heard was—well, I can't think
of it now, but it was too funny for
anything.

THE ECHO

Teacher—Your answer is about as clear as mud.

S. C.—Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it? —Ex.

* * * * *

Miss O'Meara—Who can make a sentence with the word gruesome in it?

Emily R.—West stopped shaving and grew some whiskers. —Ex.

* * * * *

Teacher—John, you must pursue your studies closely.

John M.—I do; that's why I'm always behind.

* * * * *

Sophomore—Freshie, I don't see how your collar can get soiled.

Freshman—You don't; why?

Sophomore—I should think that the rubber in your neck would act as an eraser.

* * * * *

"Sam, do you smoke cigarettes?"

"I—d—d—do—a—l—l—little, sir," stammered Johnny.

The boss fixed him with his eagle eye, "Then, gimme one," he said, "I left mine on the bureau."

* * * * *

Miss Leddy (Latin)—Do you know any English words derived from optimus (meaning best)?

Chop. R.—Optimo!

Miss L.—Why, what is that?

Chop.—The best cigar.

* * * * *

St. Peter—Who are you?

Applicant—A pupil of S. R. H. S.

St. P.—Do you take The Echo?

A.—Yes.

St. P.—Did you patronize all of its advertisement?

A.—I forgot"—

St. P.—! !—Destiny!

Q. "What resembles a potato-bug in distress?"

A. "Little Karl Steinnort trying to put the shot."

* * * * *

Talbot fell out of his chair in orchestra practice the other day. Mrs. Mills said, "Now, see if you can hold 'me', Raegen?"

* * * * *

Mr. Steele (Hist. IV.)—How is the President of the U. S. elected, Miss Frasier?

Helen F.—He is nominated and then runs.

* * * * *

A small child who saw Al. Hockin, wearing a silk hat and smoking a pipe, go past the house, said: "Mama, why doesn't that gentleman fix the draft so's the smoke will go up his chimney?"

* * * * *

Two-Thirty A. M.

Of all sad words of tongue and pen, The saddest are: "Where have you been?"

* * * * *

Miss O'Meara—What are the sins of omission?

Emily R.—The sins we've forgotten to commit!

* * * * *

Student of Astronomy—I have discovered a new star, Professor.

Prof.—What's she playing in, my boy?

* * * * *

Miss Wiley (Commercial English)—George, define chivalry.

G. Meagher—Chivalry means knighthood.

Miss W.—Use it in a sentence.

G. M.—My grandma puts on her chivalry when she goes to bed!

THE ECHO

When you come to school in the morning with your Algebra unfinished,
And you hunt in vain for excuses, the source of which is diminished;
Do not be ashamed, if you quiver and quail,
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

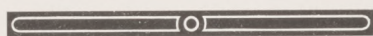
If into "Frozen Poetry" you have failed to look each day,
And failed to learn how Beowulf, the dragon grim did slay;
And forgotten how Sir Launcelot searched for the Holy Grail,
Remember, the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

—Ex.

The Echo staff takes this opportunity to extend its thanks to the Elite Studio for the pictures that appear in this issue; also for the kind favors shown us.

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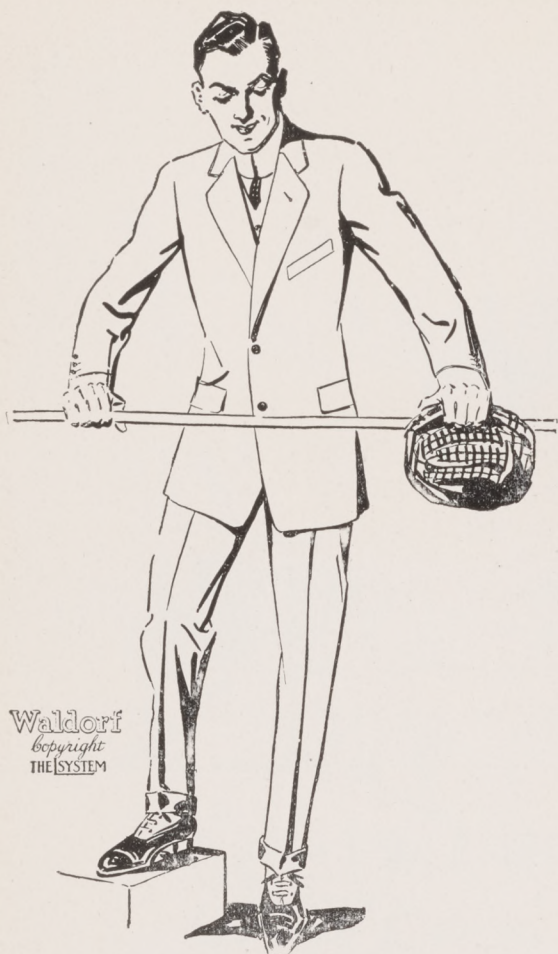
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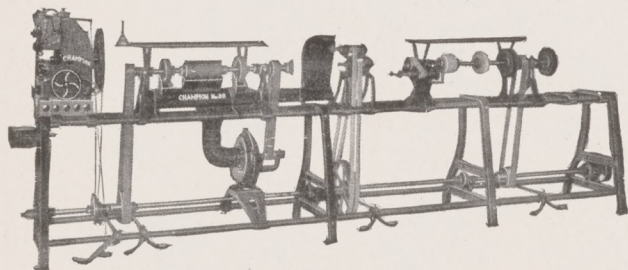
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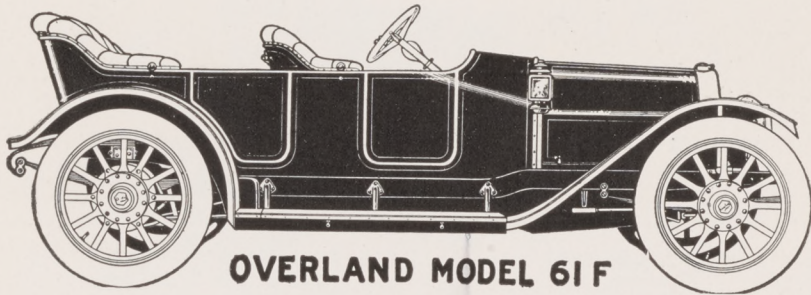
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term of five months. Three members of the Santa Rosa High School
obtained certificates in December after having attended five months

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3 qts. of cooling quarts of consideration.

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Santa Rosa - California

Too Swift

Ruth H.—I just ruined my hair, drying it on the elevator (radiator.)

* * * * *

Judge—Prisoner, do you confess your guilt?

Prisoner—Nope; your honor, my counsel has convinced me of my innocence.

* * * * *

Doctor (to Mrs. Perkins, whose husband was ill)—Has he had any lucid intervals?

Mrs. Perkins (with dignity)—'E's 'ad nothing except what you ordered, doctor.

—Ex.

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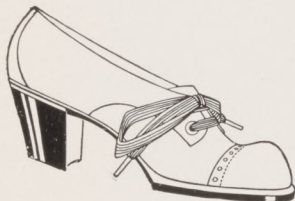
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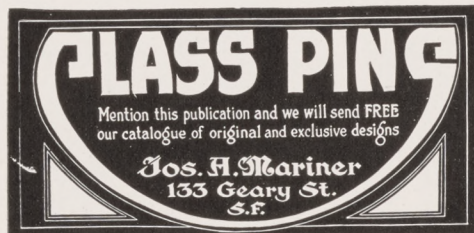
15 So. Main Street Santa Rosa

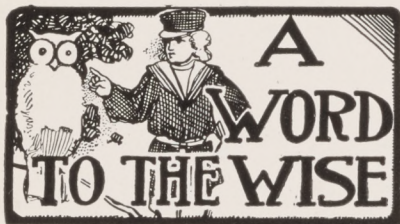
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Santa Rosa

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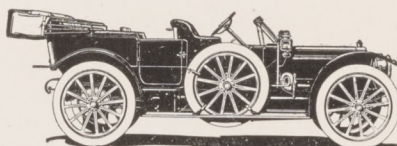
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Why, I have done nearly all of the
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First Class Repairing a Specialty
All Work Guaranteed

S. A. GOODRICH, Manager.

Athletic Geometry
Mr. Brownscombe—Now, class,
let's run up a perpendicular.

* * * * *

Conductor—"Oh! lady fare," his
voice rang out. "Oh! lady fare, or
else get out."

Santa Rosa Bank

Commercial and Savings

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